THE BEAUTY OF THE SEASON.

BY L. B. W.

To be the first at ball or hop,
To have bouquets by dozens;
To make the stylish love of male,
And hate of female, cousins;
To say and do just what you please,
And without "rhyme or reason,"
And yet be pleased—this is to be
The "Beauty of the Season."

You're witching; there's no doubt of that,
Your very smile is winning;
One glance from those bewildering eyes
Sets hearts and heads a-spinning.
But when a sailor comes for life,
You flirt beyond all reason;
And so you'll die an old maid yet,
My "Beauty of the Season."

SPECTER OF THE CLIFFS

An Adventure in the Far West.

BY AD H. GIBSON.

THE bold, far-sweeping Rockies were veiled in the purple shadows that succeed early nightfall.

Earnest Tune was belated. He had been in pursuit of mountain grouse up a wild, interminable canyon, and he was now returning to camp over a rough, rocky way, leading through lonely gorges, such as one sees nowhere as in the picturesque State of Colorado. His pony had that day lost a shoe. Hence, it was not possible to urge the animal rapidly over the uneven road, or Tune, much as he wished to get back to his comrade at the camp, disliked to be inhuman enough to do so.

Occasionally, his path would be surrounded by high, dark, frowning ridges of rock, whispering pine trees clung lonesomely, and seemed to awe into murmurless subjection the dwarf cedars below them. Then, again, down into picturesque gullies, with limpid mountain streams urging their torturous courses among the eternally silent bowlders that jutted ever and anon across the canyons and gulches through which he guided his pony.

At one of these beautiful streams Earnest Tune reined in and permitted the thirsty animal to drink. One by one the stars had crept out in the violet vault above, so far, far above, from horse and rider in the gorge. Dense shadows lurked about and refused to yield space to the dainty starlight that dared invade those dark, gloom-enshrouded recesses. The young man looked about him. The night was calm. The scene was sublime. Here the din and tinsel display of boasted civilization were unknown. To a young fellow used all his life to a home in a gay Eastern city, the gulch, with its gloomy mountains reaching away phantasmally into the night, held something inexpressibly fascinating, almost divine. To his right, and overlooking the spot where he had paused, loomed bold, outstanding cliffs, their rugged sides here and there clothed in meager patches of spruce and pine, their summits gray, vague and barren, as if Ceres and Flora had united in afflicting them with an irremovable, blighting curse. As his eyes swept the shadowy cliffs he started and almost leaped from his saddle. Earnest Tune was an educated man and not given to superstition and wild imaginings. He had always hooted the idea of supernatural visitations. But now! He was confronted by an apparition as beautiful as it was startling. Brave as he was, he felt his blood grow chilly, and he seemed deprived of the power to speak or stir.

The spectacle that enchained his gaze was a most lovely object, ghostly though it was. A beautiful girl, clad in a white, flowing dress, with wild masses of midnight tresses falling around a pale, delicate face, stood revealed on the lone mountain side. She stood directly within the halo of a strange, greenish light that glowed steadily, casting its deathly hues around the weird yet namelessly lovely figure of the cliffs.

"Great heavens!" he managed at last to articulate, though his voice was hoarse and unnatural. "Am I in a dream? How awful, yet how beautiful!"

With one pale hand she motioned him away, away. But Earnest sat as if transfixed, and continued to gaze with terrified fascination upon the spectral object of the cliffs. What could she mean by waving him off?

Suddenly the animal ceased drinking, lifted its head, saw the specter in all its beauty and awfulness, uttered a snort of terror, and ere the spell-bound rider knew it the pony had cleared the rocky stream, leaped away through the dusk of the gorge, and was rapidly bearing him from the ghostly vision on the mountain.

When Earnest succeeded in quieting down his animal, they had got too far to go back. He was venturesome enough to do so, and resolved to investigate the mystery on the following night, alone, if he could not persuade his friend to accompany him. The pony trembled in every limb and showed evidence of deep fright.

Very soon horse and rider stopped before a tent in a charming green valley, not more than two miles from the haunted cliffs. Earnest dismounted, put his horse away, and entered the tent, where his comrade was waiting supper for him.

Earnest Tune and Willard Rollerton were young men from New York, out on a sporting expedition in the West. Rollerton, a good-looking, well-made, dark-eyed fellow, was engaged to pretty Gertrude Tune, Earnest's only sister. The marriage was set for early winter, and the young friends were enjoying an outing in Colorado ere the wedding came off.

As Earnest entered the tent, Willard greeted him:

"Hello! you didn't find the grouse? But, I say, old pard, you are as pale as a spook."

"Am I?" Earnest said, as indifferently as he could; and he removed his hat and approached his friend, saying: "Just have the kindness to tell me if I have turned gray."

Willard playfully ran his fingers through the luxuriant gold-brown curls of his sweetheart's brother (so like the tresses he loved), and answered laughingly: "I find no silver threads among the gold. But what mystery have you to unfold? I know from your manner you have met with some adventure. Come, let us eat, and as we do so, you can recount any thrilling Ute encounter or spectral vision that you may have been favored with."

And Earnest obeyed. As they ate their supper of delicious, fresh wild game, he told Willard all that we have told the reader with regard to the specter of the cliffs. Willard listened with strange interest as his friend described the lonely vision. What could it be? He agreed at once to assist Earnest in investigating the mystery.

"How far are the cliffs from here?"

"Not more than two miles," Earnest Tune replied.

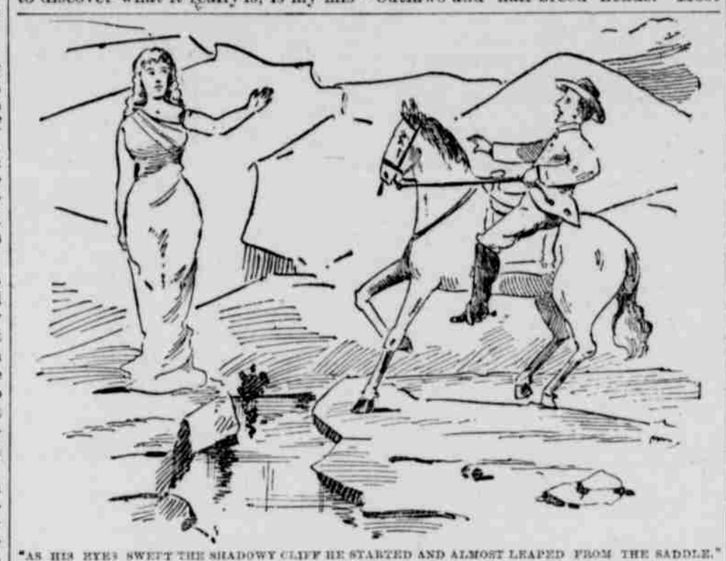
"Then, as it is early, let us go this very night. Come, let us load our guns and be equipped should any danger menace us," Willard said in a cautious way, as they finished a hasty meal.

They were soon capped and equipped for their adventure.

"Now lead the way, Earnest. I never saw a ghost in my life, and I am all impatient to see one."

"Perhaps the visionary maiden will not appear again to-night. But I hope she may. Willard," suddenly changing his tone, "how does it happen that you never thought to doubt my strange story? Perhaps I imagined it all."

"Your looks and manner convinced me at once that something unusual had happened to you. I do not doubt that you saw what you have related. But to discover what it really is, is my mission. I never see anything mysterious but I try to ascertain its real nature. Now lead on."



"AS HIS EYES SWEPT THE SHADOWY CLIFF HE STARTED AND ALMOST LEAPED FROM THE SADDLE."

Earnest started to do so. But when he gained the door of the tent he became rooted to the spot. There, gliding swiftly over the flower-gemmed valley, in the starlight, brighter here, and approaching the tent, was the lovely specter of the cliffs. She was clad in her white robes, but the strange light that had surrounded her had vanished. The young men watched her approach with a strange, spell-bound wonder in their gaze.

What could it mean? She seemed to float toward them instead of walking. The pleasant camp-fire threw out a crimson reflection across the little space before the tent and illumined the white lady as she came on. Breathlessly Earnest and Willard awaited her approach. She drew near and halted a few feet from them. Making a motion to secure their silence by placing the lily fingers of her shapely hand over her lips, she spoke:

"Not a word—not a question. If you would save your lives, follow me."

Not like a ghost's sepulchral voice, but like the dulcet ripples of a gentle cascade among mountain fastnesses, came those words of peculiar import.

"Follow me," repeated the voice. "You will soon be in peril. I will lead you to a place of safety."

Should they heed the voice? The strange vision, or whatever it was, started away across the valley, beckoning them to follow. It was too much for Earnest Tune and Willard Rollerton, in the flush and wonder of their adventurous young manhood, to resist. They never paused to question the plausibility of the sudden warning. They shouldered their guns and set

"A SOLITARY MAN SITTING ON A FLAT STONE."

forth at a rapid gait, following closely in the rear of the specter of the cliffs.

Dimly through the gloom of the gorge they followed their odd guide. From what danger unseen was she conducting them? They never stopped to ask themselves, but kept on.

She might be leading them into a trap. So intent were they on solving the mystery they never gave that fear a thought.

On and on she led them. Over hard, uneven, rocky paths, over dangerous chasms where a single misstep would have proved certain death, and on into the dark mountains they went.

At last the ghostly guide stopped under a large, shelving crag that jutted out over a considerable space of the gorge below. The pine trees of funereal darkness sighed and moaned, like lost spirits, in the mountain wind. Wild, dreary and lonesome the spot was. Earnest and Willard came also to a halt.

The spirit maiden again spoke: "Here you are safe."

Earnest, who could control his curiosity no longer, cried through the gloom that divided them from their guide:

"Are you spirit or flesh? For God's sak, speak, I entreat you!"

A low, silvery laugh answered him. A specter laugh! Oh, horrible!

"Draw nearer, and I shall answer you," the sweet voice said. The young men did as requested. They leaned on their guns and awaited the information almost breathlessly.

"The superstitious Indians and miners about this gulch call me the 'Specter Maiden of the Cliffs,' the spirit of an emigrant's daughter murdered here several years ago by a party of Mormon Danites disguised as Indians."

The young men felt a thrill of horror run through them.

She went on:

"Such a dark deed really did occur years ago in this very gorge. Taking advantage of that fact and the superstition of the natives, my captors have made me play specter on the cliffs around this crag."

An exclamation of surprise burst from the listeners and Earnest asked:

"Your captors? Who are they? Tell us and we will gladly rescue you.

"Listen. My father and I were encamped near here nearly two years ago. One dark night a band of men dressed as Utes attacked us. They robbed us of everything, sparing our lives only on our promise to go quietly with them to their mountain fastnesses. Life was dearer than death, so we accepted the chief's terms. Our captors proved to be a band of robbers, white outlaws and half-breed fiends. Most of the men have Indian wives and live in the mountains near this gorge. I was treated kindly, after their rough fashion. My father has been confined a close prisoner in a cave. The chief agrees to release him only on his word of honor to espouse outlawry and aid in their dark acts. Of course he refuses.

"The officers from one of the neighboring towns, where a bank was robbed a year ago, have been searching for the robbers' quarters. Their guides are Indians. Knowing their belief in ghosts and such like spectral phenomena, I was made to dress in white to scare them away from this part. Strange lights were put at my feet, and I suppose my appearance was truly frightful. Anyway, the ghost business acted like a charm in scaring away the poor red guides. Only this evening I was obliged to play my ghostly role, as the officers were supposed to be in the gorge."

"It was I," said Earnest, "and I assure you I was considerably startled. But how did you happen to warn us?"

"The robbers discovered your little camp, and, learning you were tenderfoot on a hunting trip, they decided to attack you. I overheard their plans, and the time set for the attack. I had seen your camp from the mountain. I determined to make great risks to save you. For the first time since our capture, every robber except my father's guard, left the quarters. Then was my time. Telling the chief's squaw that I had to go to the cliffs to play specter, I easily got away."

"God bless you, noble girl," said Willard, sincerely. "You have not told us your name."

"My name is Olive Glissom," she said, simply.

"Olive Glissom!" repeated Willard Rollerton, in an excited voice. "Are you the daughter of Abner Glissom, of C., in Ohio?"

"Abner Glissom is my father."

"Abner Glissom is my mother's youngest brother, and you are my own cousin, Olive," cried the young fellow joyfully, pressing warmly the little hand she permitted him to take.

"Cousin Willard, I am glad to know you; and how sorry I am that the foolish coolness between our parents has prevented our ever meeting. How strange to meet you here."

"It is, indeed. But how happened it that you and Uncle Abner came out to these wilds?"

"Father was unfortunate in his business in Ohio. So we started to the Colorado mines, only to fall into these robbers' hands."

"My poor Olive!" said her newly found kinsman, sympathetically. "But let us not waste time. Tune and I are well armed. Lead the way and we will rescue your father at all hazards."

"We must be cautious," said the brave, beautiful girl. "All depends on caution. I happen to know where the officers are watching to-night. It is not far. We will approach the cave where poor father has been held so long a prisoner. We will go by a back path with which I am well acquainted. We will attempt the rescue, and God grant we may be successful. Then we will go to the officers and ask protection, for we are as nothing compared with the outlaws in numbers and strength."

"Why not get the officers' help first?" inquired Willard.

"Because that would take time, which must not be wasted. The robbers will not return for an hour at least. By that time we can have father rescued and be on our way to join the officers."

It was decided to follow Olive's plan. So, following her down the gorge, they entered a rough, steep path ascending the mountain. The girl had thrown a dark cloak about her, concealing her ghostly attire.

Under cover of the night and the solemn, brooding cedars, they drew near the cave. Dimly, as they peered from behind a large rock, they could make out a solitary man sitting on a flat stone by the mouth. Creeping softly, slyly toward him, Olive Glisson flung her cloak over the head of the unsuspecting guard. He attempted to cry out, but her able assistants were too quick for him and had him gagged and bound before he had uttered a syllable. Then Abner Glissome, pale and thin from long confinement, was released. He was surprised and delighted beyond measure to learn that one of his rescuers was the son of the sister from whom he had long suffered estrangement.

They found the officers easily and sent them on the robbers' trail. The chief was captured, with some of his most notorious allies, and the mountain gang was broken up.

Our friends reached New York safely, and then a happy reunion took place. There followed a double wedding at Christmas time, when "peace on earth" found a true echo in each heart.

Things a Woman Can Do Best.

Oh, yes, undoubtedly there *are* things that a woman can do bette than a man.

They may be small matters, but they exist, and a woman can readily beat a man doing them, and she should have the credit of it.

In the first place, she can wear a petticoat, and not take it up on her heels when she walks, and we doubt if the wisest man living can accomplish this little feat even after a good many times trying.

She can look sweet as sugar when she feels cross enough to behead somebody.

She can be such excellent friends with a rival, and help do up her back hair, when she hates her so that she would be glad if she caught the smallpox and got her face carved into the semblance of a Chinese cabinet.

She can scold better than any man living. She can think of more aggravating things to say in one hour, than a man, no matter how many colleges he has graduated from, and how many dictionaries he has digested, can think of in six months.

She can cry, when she cannot gain her point any other way, and it is pretty tough work for the average man to cry, and not make a mess of it.

She can spank a baby better than a man. She feels that it is her right to do it, and a man always goes about as if he was ashamed of it, and as if he didn't exactly know where to begin, or where to leave off.

She can drive hens out of the garden in half the time it will take a man to do it. It is no use to swear at hens. They do not understand profanity, but the swish of a skirt, and the flourish of a sun-bonnet, are arguments they cannot withstand.

A woman can find something to talk about when a man would be dead broke for a topic.

She can manage to keep you waiting while she gets ready to go somewhere longer than five men could, unless they were youths in the clutches of a first love, and had to struggle with refractory neck-ties.

A woman can get more bundles together in half a day's shopping than a man can carry, and she can buy goods ten per cent. cheaper than he can, because, in the first place, she always asks everybody what they paid for everything, and is thoroughly posted on prices; and, in the second place, she has the infinite patience to stand and talk to the clerks, and wheedle, and coax, and bargain, until, in the sheer desperation of utter soul-weariness, they take off two cents a yard, and think themselves lucky to escape so well.

A woman can be patient when the fire doesn't burn. She can look serene when the coffee won't settle. She can refrain from mentioning the Evil One when the bread is heavy. She can control herself and not go into spasms, if her collar is not ironed to suit her.

She doesn't go to Europe, or take to drink, when Tom "goes back" on her. She does a more sensible thing. She accepts Dick, and shows Tom that she didn't care a fig for him.

Women are the best part of creation. We all know that. The other sex may ridicule them all they please, but they wouldn't have women abolished for the world! There would be nobody to sew on buttons. Nobody to find fault with. Nobody to raise mustaches for. Nobody to feel an interest in your cold, and to put catnip poultices on you when you had the toothache. Nobody to buy ice-creams for. Nobody to love. Nobody to hug. Nobody to kiss, for it is a spectacle to make angels weep to see one man kiss another.

And so, in spite of the fact that women are the weaker sex, let us have women right along, because there *are* things they can do better than men.—*Kate Thorn, in New York Weekly.*

How They Dance on Tiptoe.

There is a popular impression that ballet dancers have the soles of their shoes made stiff, so as to enable them to dance about on their toes.

"That is nonsense," and Miss Qualitz (a premiere danseuse) exhibited a pair of her dancing-shoes to illustrate.

"You can't stand up this way with your ordinary shoes on," and the premiere gracefully mounted her toes and viewed the reporter's three-dollar footwear with extreme disgust.

"A stiff sole in a shoe would not help, but absolutely prevent, dancing. And, besides, the strain is not on the toe, but it comes on the rear of the ankle. I believe that's what you Americans call it. But by keeping the body in the proper position much of the strain is relieved, and the dancer appears much more graceful to those who understand what correct ballet dancing is".—*Washington Post.*

A JOKING SOLDIER.

He Always Saw the Brightest Side of Everything.

Only this week I was reading Gen. Doubleday's story of Gettysburg, and the day before I had seen the old General on the street. His presence in New York and his book combine to recall to my mind a very practical joke that was played upon him at Gettysburg by Capt. Joe Parker, of Gen. Hancock's staff. Col. Billy Wilson and Joe Parker were Gen. Hancock's pets. They were both young, full of mischief, and only saw the ludicrous side of everything, no matter how serious.

In the very white heat of the battle on Cemetery Hill on July 3, 1863, Gen. Hancock was severely wounded, and Capt. Parker immediately rode off to find Gen. Doubleday, who was the senior division commander, and put him in command of the Second Corps. He found Doubleday sitting under a big tree. He saluted him quickly and said:

"Gen. Doubleday, Gen. Hancock has been very seriously wounded, and you will——"

Just at that moment, before he had time to finish the sentence, "assume command of the corps," a shell burst directly over the General. The shock half stunned him, and he fell over, exclaiming:

"Oh, I am killed! I am killed!"

Capt. Parker couldn't resist this opportunity for a joke, and he rode off rapidly in search of Gen. Gibbon. He found him, reported to him that Doubleday had been killed, Hancock had been wounded, and that he was to take command of the corps. The news spread rapidly that Doubleday was dead, and Capt. Parker so reported to Gen. Hancock. A few hours later a railroad train containing Hancock, his staff and a number of wounded officers was moving toward Baltimore. Hancock was lying on a stretcher, suffering intensely, but his mind and sympathy went out toward his division commanders and his other officers who were dead or wounded.

"It's too bad about Doubleday's death," said he to a wounded officer sitting near him, who was shot in the arm.

"Doubleday isn't dead," replied the officer. "I saw him in command of the corps after you were wounded and two hours before I left the field."

"Why, Joe Parker told me that he was killed," replied Hancock.

Parker, who was in a front car with the boys having fun, was immediately summoned. He appeared before Hancock, who said:

"Capt. Parker, didn't you tell me that Gen. Doubleday was killed?"

"Certainly I did," replied Joe. "He told me he was, and what the devil was I to do but take his word for it?"

Despite the suffering in that car, there was a hearty laugh, and Parker went back to his companions. As he closed the car door, Hancock remarked:

"That boy will never see anything serious in the most serious things of this life."

Poor Joe Parker and his counterpart, Col. Wilson, are both dead, while the old General of whom Gen. Hancock told this amusing story walks along Broadway apparently as hearty and healthy as a man of fifty.—*New York Star.*

Spelling-Reform Redivius.

THE people who would amend cumbrous orthography and substitute for it something of a simpler character are again coming to the front. Instead, however, of endeavoring to secure the adoption of a phonetic alphabet, in which each letter would have but one sound, and each sound be represented by one letter only, the effort is now directed toward the adoption of a few definite, easily learned, and generally applicable rules for the dropping of superfluous letters. The rules suggested are as follows:

1. Drop *ue* at the end of words like dialogue, catalogue, etc., where the preceding vowel is short. Thus spell demagog, epilog, synagog, etc. When the preceding vowel is long, as in prorogue, vogue, disembogue, retain final letters as at present.

2. Drop final *e* in such words as definite, infinite, favorite, etc., when the preceding vowel is short. Thus spell opposit, preterit, hypocrit, requisit, etc. When the preceding vowel is long, as in polite, finite, unite, etc., retain present forms unchanged.

3. Drop final *te* in words like quartette, coquette, cigarette, etc. Thus spell cigaret, roset, epaulet, vedet, gazet, etc.

4. Drop final *me* in words like programme. Thus spell program, oriflam, gram, etc.

5. Change *ph* to *f* in words like phantom, telegraph, phase, etc. Thus spell alfabet, paragraf, filosofy, fotograf, etc.

6. Substitute *e* for the diphthongs *æ* and *œ* when they have the sound of that letter. Thus spell eolian, esthetic, diarrhea, subpena, esofagus, atheneum, etc.

These rules, though few in number, would, if adopted in our writing and printing, save an appreciable percentage of the labor now involved. They have the sanction of the highest scholarship in the United States and England, including the teachers of philology in our foremost educational institutions. They have been commended by leading editors and writers, and there is nothing against their adoption except the disinclination to change. Yet their use would in a few months become so habitual that every one would wonder why they had not been adopted sooner.

It is proposed that these rules shall be adopted in the newspapers of the country at an early date, when the eyes of reading people would soon become educated to the new appearance of the words, and whence their use would quickly extend to our books. This would be in the direction of the injunction of Noah Webster, that "the tendency of our language toward simplicity should be sedulously encouraged." The sooner they are adopted the better.—*Chicago Ledger.*

THAT which is easy to do, though it may be worth doing, is not so important as that which is hard and disagreeable, and which, therefore, finds fewer workers.

WISE AND UNWISE.

FIGURED goods—heiresses.

INVARIABLY seasonable—salt, mustard, pepper, vinegar.

"WHY is the way of the transgressor so hard?" "S'pose because it's traveled so much."

WHEN a Chicago girl gets there with both feet, how impressive and emphatic is the arrival.

THE race is not always to the swift. A one-legged fat man can catch cold as quick as a sprinter.

BINKS—Barlow says betting is not against his principles? Winks—Of course not; he hasn't any.

"YOU are always talking about a donkey. You don't mean me?" "What ails you? There are many donkeys besides you."

EUROPE seems to be greatly exercised over a triple alliance, but out in Utah they are as thick as the specks on a turkey's egg.

THE man who boasted that he was "regular as the sun" forgot that that luminary rises only twice in the year at the same time.

"YOU look so much like your brother," said Dennis to Phelim, "that I could tell yez was brothers if I'd niver seen aither av yez."

"WHAT I admire about Josephine is her self-possession." "Yes, I fear she can't help that. I don't know anybody else who would have her."

"HOW IS your furnace?" "First rate. We manage to get it warm every day, but it is a little selfish about letting any of the heat get away from it."

FIRST Newsboy—There goes a gent. Chase him. Second Newsboy—No use. Just saw him come out of a barber shop. He's heard all the news there is.

ABDICATING the throne: Mrs. Upton Flatte—Why do you cry, cook? Bridget (about to be married)—It's mesilf that'll soon be no better off than the rest of yez.

TEACHER (to eight-year-old scholar)—What is the population of this city? Scholar—566,664. "The book says 566,663." "But I was born since last census."

YOUNG wife—A horrid rat ate one of those lovely canaries my husband got me, and that's why I got a cat. Matron—Well? Young wife—And then the cat ate the other.

MOTHER—Now, girls, as you've finished your daily quarrel, suppose you go and eat some dinner. Arabella (sarcastically)—Oh, I suppose you want us to swallow our feud.

ONE of our contemporaries, in noting the successful career of a venerable man who has just died in Maine, makes the startling statement that "he was born without a dollar in his pocket."

EASILY explained: Upson Downes—What bright glances Miss Gibbons shoots at young Featherly to-inght. Round About—They are quite noticeable, but not surprising considering the amount of powder she has on her face.

MR. BROWN (awakening from a two weeks' spree)—Where am I? Mrs. Brown (wishing to make the awakening as horrible as possible)—You are in in hades. Brown—And you here, too! Oh, my punishment is greater than I can bear!

MRS. GREENEYES—It is useless for you to attempt to deceive me. Imagine my feelings when I find a blonde hair on your coat when you know my hair is black. Mr. Greeneyes—Well, my dear, if you don't like it, why don't you bleach your hair?

"Have you a quarter you can give me, sir?" asked a tattered-looking individual of a citizen. "My wife and children have had nothing to eat for two days." "Oh, that won't do," replied the gentleman: "I gave you 50 cents yesterday. What did you do with that?" "I had to buy meat for the dog."

Don't Believe It!

"Americans are good customers here," said the saleman. "Those big heavy bracelets you see there are bought chiefly by publicans' wives. We sell plenty of wedding rings at 1 shilling 3 pence each."

"But marriages don't occur often; surely people can afford a few shillings once in a lifetime for a real gold ring?"

"Ah, you don't understand. These wedding rings are bought by poor people and slipped on when the real thing is at the pawnbroker's. It is not before the marriage, but after, when the rainy day comes, that those rings are bought. We sell grosses of them."

"Who are your best customers?"

"Well, there are rich women who have their own jewel sets imitated, Americans, the 'profession,' and mashers and people who have come down in the world. When these latter go away for their holidays to see their friends they don't like to show their poverty. For a few shillings they can get such a stock of jewelry that in their own towns and villages they are kings and queens."—*Pall Mall Budget.*

Why Blind Persons Seldom Smoke.

A peculiarity about the blind is that there is seldom one of them who smokes. Soldiers and sailors accustomed to smoking, and who have lost their sight in action, continue to smoke for a short while, but soon give up the habit. They say that it gives them no pleasure when they can not see the smoke, and some have said that they can not taste the smoke unless they see it. This almost demonstrates the theory that if you blindfold a man in a room full of smoke and put a lighted and an unlighted cigar in his mouth alternately he will not be able to tell the difference.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Couldn't Mean He Was Small!

"Bilkings says the reason you dress so shabbily is that your father is a tailor?"

"I suppose that's so. You know shoemakers' sons generally go barefoot, and milliners' daughters wear cheap hats."

"That's about so."

"Your father must have been a great man"—*Boston Herald.*